

The History of

Prim. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, herelieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at: shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:
For *Harry,* now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares,
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Henry the

Prince. Dost thou speake like
and Ile play my father.

Fal. D. pose me, if thou dost
ly both in word and matter, ha-
bet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iud

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence

Fal. My noble Lord, from

Prince. The complaints I ha

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, the
young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swearst thou, vngro
on me, thou art violently carri
uell haunts thee in the likenes
isthy companion: why dost t
humors, that boulding-hurch
of Dropsies, that huge bomba
of guttes, that roasted Manni
his belly, that reuerent Vice, th
fian, that vanity in yeares: wh
and drinke it? wherein neate a
and eate it? wherein cunning,
in Villanie? wherein villanous
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace w
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abho
stafse, that old white-bearded S

Fal. My Lord, the man I k

Fal. But to say, I know mo
were to say more then I know
tie) his white haire do witnesse
uerence) a whoremaster, that
be a fault, God helpe the wi
sinne, then many an old Host
fatte, be to be hated, then *Ph*
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*